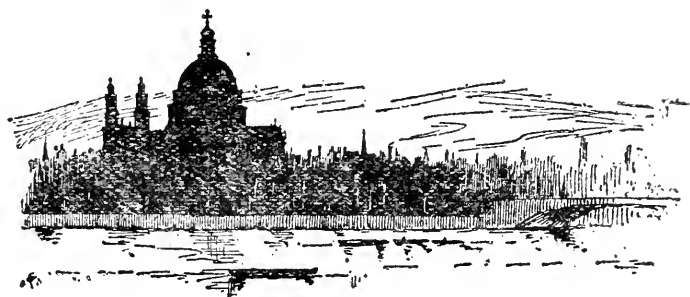


In Charge of The Consul

BY
ELLA FLORENCE PADON.



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ELDRIDGE ENTERTAINMENT HOUSE

Franklin, Ohio

IN CHARGE OF THE CONSUL

A Comedy in Three Acts.

By Ella Florence Padon.

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PUBLISHED BY
ELDRIDGE ENTERTAINMENT HOUSE,
FRANKLIN, OHIO.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Mr. Wentworth, American Consul.

Madam Wentworth, (Tante Marie) Wife of Consul.

Myra, Niece of Consul. (In charge of Consul.)

Effie,	}	Friends of Myra. In charge of Consul.
Cornelia,		
Flora,		

Baron Von Barnhelm, Suitor to Myra.

Baroness Von Ehernberg, Aunt of Baron.

Jack, An American Lover.

Charley, A Friend of Jack.

Susanna, Maid.

Fritz, Servant to Baron.

Officers, Friends of Baron.

Tom,	}	Heidelberg Students.
Dick,		
Harry,		

Place: Karlsruhe, Germany.

Costumes, Modern.

TMP96-006858

DEC 20 1915

In Charge of The Consul

ACT I.

(*Salon of American Consul. Door L, adjoining room. Door C, hall. Walls draped with American flags. Table, chairs, sofa.*)

(*Enter Effie, followed by Flora and Cornelia, all in evening dress.*)

Effie (Looking around) Myra! Myra! Where in the world is she? Doesn't she know that we are to be here at eight o'clock promptly? We are to practice our courtesies once more, before the company comes. Just to think, girls! We are to meet all the High people in Karlsruhe, tonight! Isn't it great? (*Claps hands softly, and frisks about the room gaily.*)

Cornelia (*seating herself upon the sofa, very dignified.*) There, there, Effie! Don't get so excited! Cultivate repose! my dear. Cultivate repose!

Effie (*indignantly*) Cultivate repose, indeed! How can you cultivate repose, when you are making courtesies I'd like to know? Oh dear! I wish Myra would come. What is she doing?

Flora She's up stairs writing to Jack.

Effie Writing to Jack! Such devotion. That's the third letter this week.

Flora No wonder! She's engaged to him! Besides, she's so anxious now about the elections. You know Jack is running for the Legislature.

Effie Oh yes! The elections! I most forgot. What exciting times they must be having over there in the dear old state of Ohio! Or, as Tante Marie calls it—O-hee-o.

Cornelia I do hope Jack will be elected. But I am afraid,—

Flora Of course he will! Everybody likes Jack!

Cornelia Yes, but it's those horrid rings and machines.

Effie (*amazed*) Rings and machines! Why what on earth?

Cornelia Political rings and machines, of course, goosie! They are working against him, but all the best people are for Jack, and a splendid fellow he is, too.

Flora Yes, indeed! Father says, he is one of the most promising young men in the State, and that he will make his mark in the world, someday. He is awfully in love with Myra. I suppose they will be married as soon as we return to America.

Cornelia Not if Tante Marie has anything to do with it. I think she is planning to marry her off to some of these good looking officers, over here,—a title, perhaps.

Effie Myra! Do you think for one moment that Myra would go back on Jack? Never, never, never—

(*Enter Myra, door L.*)

Myra Why Effie! What are you so excited about? What were you girls discussing?

Cornelia (*Embarrassed*) Why, why, why—

Effie We were just talking about the elections, of course, and all the exciting times they must be having over there, now. It makes me just homesick to think of it. I wish I'd never come to Germany! I'd go home tonight if I could. (*Puts her hands up to eyes.*)

Myra (*putting arms around Effie, affectionately*) There Effie, this will never do. You must not be getting homesick. But you won't feel this way, after you have met some of these good-looking young Officers, who are coming tonight.

Effie I don't think they are so very good looking. Stiff as ramrods—everyone of them. Looks as if they had swallowed telegraph polls. And they walk

like this. (*walks across floor in a stiff grotesque way.*)
Girls laugh.)

Flora (*teasingly*) Now, Effie, you know you thought that young Officer we saw at the Palace this morning, was awfully good looking.

Cornelia The one Myra took for a guide, and tried to fee? Oh, but that was funny! (*all laugh*) I never will forget the look on his face, Myra, when you handed him that mark.

Myra I don't see anything so very funny about it. It was an awful blunder, and I am so mortified about it. I hope we will never meet him again.

Cornelia And I hope we will.

Effie (*brightening up*) So do I. Maybe we'll meet him tonight. Wouldn't it be funny? Say, girls, I *am* glad I came to Germany! I *do* believe something interesting is going to happen.

Cornelia (*pointing to Effie's ears.*) Effie, you are not going to wear those earrings! Don't you remember what Tante Marie said about diamonds? Young girls do not wear them in Germany. Remember you are only fifteen.

Effie I don't care. My papa gave them to me, just before I came away, and I am going to wear them. I think they look lovely. (*Dangles them.*)

Myra But you must not. Take them off. Quick. Here comes Tante Marie!

(*Effie snatches off earrings, and hides them in dress.*
Enter Madame Wentworth, somewhat showily gowned.
She speaks with German accent.)

Madam Ah, my dear young ladies! You are all ready, I see! That is good, (*surveys them each critically.*) Yes, yes. You look very well. I am quite satisfied. (*Sits down, fans herself vigorously.*) And now, young ladies, you haff not forgotten all the things I haff told you?

Effie About sitting on the left end of the sofa? Or is it the right side? Let me see. If it's on the left

you are right; but if you are on the right you are left. Is that it right?

Madam (*lifting hands in horror*) No, no, mein kind. On the left. Always on the left. The right is for the lady of highest of rank, always. That you must not forget. Now for the courtesies.

(*Each make courtesy in turn, Effie last, tries to make cheese, falls on floor.*)

Effie Oh dear. Dress too tight. I used to make lovely cheeses when dresses were full.

Madam Ach. du lieber Gott! Will you disgrace me? What shall I do. Ach. What shall I do? (*Wrings hands.*)

Cornelia Never mind, Tante Marie. She is only teasing. She won't do that tonight.

Madam I hope not. Ach not. And now, one thing more, you must not forget. The higher the rank, the lower the courtesy.

All (*Repeat together.*) The higher the rank, the lower the courtesy.

Madam The lowest of all, to the Baroness von Eherenberg. For why? Listen, I tell you. She is the aunt of the Baron von Barnhelm. And it is he, my dear, you are to meet tonight.

Cornelia Oh, a Baron,

Flora A Baron, indeed.

Effie A real live one?

Madam Natürlich. Do you think you could meet a dead one? Yes, he iss alive. He is—what you call it, in America?

Cornelia A catch?

Madam Yes, Yes, that is it. One great catch. Come! I tell you. (*Myra appears indifferent. Moves away to other side of room, sits down to table, looks over papers. Girls draw up chairs around Madam who speaks confidentially.*)

Madam The Baron, my dears, is high! Ferry high!

Effie Tall, you mean?

Madam No, no, no! High born! High rank! High family! He haff lands—he haff castles—he haff great estates,—but—he haff no money.

Effie Oh, yes! I understand! Sorta land poor! I had an uncle once who was just that way. Had a thousand acres of land out West, but he couldn't raise enough on it to buy himself a new shirt.

Madam His aunt, the Baroness, haff a fortune—a small one, which she giff him, providing he marry to suit her. Already haff she found a wife for him, but the Baron he like her not. She is old—she is ugly—she iss lame—she iss lame—she squints. She is deaf. She carries one long—ah,—what you call it in America?

Cornelia A trumpet?

Madam Yes, yes—that iss it. So you see the Baron, he like her not. He desires youth! beauty, also with money. Now Myra—(*drops voice, glances cautiously toward Myra*) she iss young, she iss beautiful, her father, not so rich, perhaps, but she haff an uncle, I hear, who iss one millionaire. And what would he not do for the honor of becoming the uncle to a Baroness?

Cornelia But, Mr. Skidmore isn't that kind.

Madam Ah! do I not know you Americans? Haff I not heard?

Cornelia But all Americans are not like that, and Mr. Skidmore—

Madam Ah, yes. I know—I know. (*Waving her hands knowingly.*)

(*Enter Susanna door C.*)

Susanna De Baroness von Eherenberg. (*exit*)

Madam Ah, they arrive—our guests! Now remember, young ladies what I haff told you. Cast down your eyes and look modest. (*Effie slyly dons earrings.*)

Enter Baroness von Eherenberg, a stout little woman showily dressed, carrying lorgnette, followed by the Baron von Barnhelm, handsome young officer, and several other guests. Madam greets all graciously, particularly the Baroness.)

Madam Ah, my dear Baroness! It rejoices me greatly to behold you to-night. Such joy I have! And the Baron! Delighted!

Baroness (loftily) Ess freut mich sehr.

(*Baron bends low over Madam's hand and kisses it.*)

Madam (turning to Baroness) Ah, my dear Baroness! I wish you to make the acquaintance of my dear young ladies. (*presents young ladies*) Fraulein Wentworth, Fraulein Read, Fraulein Clifford, Fraulein Dean. (*girls make courtesies*) My dears, the Baron von Barnhelm. (*The Baron places one hand on his heart, the other on his sword and makes grandly profound bow to each. Myra and Baron both give start, as they recognize one another. They draw apart to left and enter into conversation. Madam and Baroness occupy center of stage.*)

Madam Ah, my dear Baroness, you will find my dear young ladies most charming, most delightful, I assure you.

Baroness (*Raising lorgnette, regards the girls disapprovingly.*) From America, you say? New York?

Madam No, no. From O—hee—o. Fine large place!

Baroness Neffer, neffer, before haff I hear of O—hee—o. Is it in South America, or in North America?

Madam In—in—I think it is South America. No—let me think. I believe it is North America. Yes, I am sure it is North America. It makes no difference, all the same. A wonderful country. And the American girl! Ach mein Gott! She is so rich—so beautiful—so clever.

Baroness Ah, yes! But—the American wife! Ach!

What do I hear? She is one Herumlaufer. She goes here—she goes there—she goes everywhere; she stays neffer at home. She rules over her husband—she keeps him foreffer under the slipper.

Madam Nein, nein! 'Tis not so. 'Tis only slander. She makes one good wife. Very clever—but very obedient to her husband. And so rich.

Baroness Ya—ya—dot iss wahr. So rich! So rich! So rich!

Madam Come. I will tell you about my dear young ladies. (*She draws Baroness to right side of stage, toward sofa. Each motions the other to be seated first.*)

Madam Bitte—bitte—bitte—bitte.

Baroness Bitte—bitte—bitte—bitte.

(*Both sit down at same time, Baroness at right, Madam W. at left of sofa. Baroness glances frequently toward Myra and Baron, through her lorgnette, frowns, looks anxious and disturbed.*)

Baron. (*In a tone of surprise.*) Is it possible, Fraulein, you do not recall our little tete a tete in the palace only yesterday? Surely I do not deceive myself. It was your lovely countenance that lured me on, from one of the salons to another, till I found you in the Grand Salon.

Myra (*Innocently.*) Why, my dear Baron, surely you must be mistaken. Another party perhaps—

Baron No, no. Impossible! Your voice! It is the same. Tell me, is it that you have forgotten, or that you do not wish to remember, that to me, most happy occasion? You fear perhaps that I make mention—

Myra No, no, I think only you have been dreaming.

Baron (*Rubbing his brow thoughtfully.*) That I might well believe, but, (*pulls the mark out of his pocket and holds it up triumphantly.*) Here I haff

proof. Is it not then the mark you gave me? I wear it since, near my heart.

Myra. (Glances at it, turns away quickly) A very dingy one indeed, it is hardly worth keeping.

Baron (Rapturously) Ach, Fraulein. I would have it polished—enameled—set in diamonds, if you would permit.

Myra (Indifferently) What have I to do with it?

Baron (Perplexed.) You still deny? You are angry perhaps, that I took it under false pretenses. If so, then I return it, though it rend my heart. (*Hands her the coin regretfully.*)

Myra (Much softened, pushes it away.) No, no, I will not take it back.

Baron (In joyful accents.) Ah! Take it back! You acknowledge it then?

(*Baroness arises from sofa and begins to move slowly toward the Baron and Myra.*)

Myra (Laughing) Yes, I acknowledge it. But it was such a ridiculous mistake for me to make—

Baron Ridiculous? No, it was heavenly, it was divine, it has given me such joy, such happiness!

Myra It was very kind of you to take it so. It was really quite annoying to me. Please, do not let us speak of it again.

Baron (Putting mark in his pocket.) No, no, not if it be painful to you. Nothing would I do that might be painful to one for whom I feel so high, so exalted—permit me to say, so tender—

Baroness (Edging up to Baron, with wrathful countenance.) Berthold, Berthold! Ich will nach hause.

Baron (Turning impatiently toward his aunt for an instant, then resuming his conversation.) As I was saying, Fraulein so tender a regard—

Baroness (Edging nearer, nudging his arm.) Berthold! Berthold!

Baron Ya, ya, ein par minuten,

Baroness (*Catches hold of arm, draws him away.*)
Nein, nein! Kammen sie, kammen sie! Schnell,
schnell!

Baron (*Turning to Myra.*) We meet again,—to-
morrow night—after the opera. Auf Wiedersehen.

(*Baron and Baroness move away, pass in front of*
Effie. Baroness stops, regards ear-rings.

Baroness Timonds, timonds, timonds!

Effie (*Imitating tone and gesture.*) Yes, timonds,
timonds, timonds! Don't you like them?

Baroness Nein, nein! You are ein kind! You haff
no right to—no beezniz!

Effie I guess I have, if my father gives them to
me. We wear what we please in America.

Baroness America! Ach! Was feir ein land ist dat?
Heidenish, Schamlos, Goot for noddings! No man-
ners-no-

Effie (*Indignantly, finger uplifted.*) Don't you
say such things about my country! I won't have it,
so there! It's the greatest, and the grandest country
in all this world. Let any one say it isn't if they
dare!

Baroness (*Gasping for breath.*) Vot! Vot! You
speak like dat to me, to me! Ach! Du lieber Gott!
Berthold, take me away—take me away! Ach! Ach!
Ach! (*Falls back gasping, into Berthold's arms,*
who leads her, half fainting out of the room. Exit C.)

Madam (*Bustling forward, in great agitation.*)
Effie, Effie! What for you speak like that? Ach,
Himmel! You haff disgraced us, you haff disgraced
us all. How could you? How could you? How could
you?

Effie How could I? How could I help it? I'll
stand up for my country, against all creation—so I
will! (*Pulling a small flag from out the folds of her*
dress stepping to the front of the stage, waves it

dramatically.) America, my Country! Hail Columbia, happy land! The gem of the ocean. Land of the free, home of the brave, long may her banners wave. The stars and stripes forever. Three cheers for the red, white and blue!

CURTAIN FALLS.

(Curtain may be raised for anti climax and the girls come forward each carrying a flag and sing one verse of The Red, White and Blue. Madame listens a moment then puts hands over her ears and storms out C. & D.)

ACT II.

(SCENE 1. Salon of American Consul, same as Act I. Cornelia sitting at table, reading. Flora bending over her fancy work. Effie, walking up and down the room excitedly.)

Effie I'ts dreadful, I tell you. It's perfectly dreadful. I never could have believed it of her! She has sold herself for a mess of potash.

Cornelia *(Looking up from book.)* Potash, why Effie! If you can't quote the Bible better than that, I wouldn't quote it at all.

Effie Well, then, what is it? You don't know yourself. And what's more, I don't care what you call it. It's a shame, a burning shame.

Cornelia Come, now Effie, don't get so excited. Cultivate repose, my dear, cultivate repose.

Effie Cultivate repose! And let Myra go to destruction? Never! Look at all these American girls who have married titles. What happens to them? What happens to them, I say? Oh, you know about them as well as I do. There was poor Daisy Lee, who married a Baron. How did he treat her? Beat her over the head with a hair-brush, the very first night they were married. Made her black his boots and wait on him like a slave. All came out in the papers

about it, at time of the divorce. I saw it myself. And there was Myrtle Dalrymple, who married a Russian Count—worse yet. He took her off to a castle, somewhere on the Black Sea, with a moat around it, (*the castle I mean*) sixty feet wide. And he shut her up in a tower, a great high one, and he starved her, he did, and she would have died if the American Consul hadn't written to the President. And it took the whole United States to get her out again. She was nothing but skin and bones, when she got back to America. I saw her myself. It was awful. And there was—

Cornelia There, that will do, Effie! We know all about those stories—greatly exaggerated, no doubt. But the Baron is no villain, I am sure. Indeed, he has a very good reputation here, as Barons go. After all, it will be very nice to visit Myra in her castle in the Black Forest, and when we go home, to refer to our friend, the Baroness.

Effie (*horrificed*) *Cornelia*! How can you, how dare you? It's treason—rank disloyalty. You wouldn't do it yourself—you know you wouldn't.

Cornelia Me? Oh, no, of course not. I prefer a plain, straight, out and out American.

Flora (*slyly*) A Heidelberg student, for instance. One from Illinois, studying to be a physician?

Effie Yes, that's it. So she gets an American, she don't care what poor Myra gets. (*folds her arms, regarding Cornelia indignantly.*)

Flora I wonder what has become of Charley! He hasn't been down for over two weeks.

Cornelia Why, poor fellow, he is studying so hard, of course.

Effie Studying! Yes—fighting duels, and going to studenten Kneipes no doubt. Tom told me all about it. It's a shame. I think they had all better be going to Yale or Harvard.

Cornelia Effie, it is perfectly absurd of you to be so down on everything German. It wouldn't be inter-

esting if things weren't different than they are at home.

Effie It isn't the things I'm talking about. It's the people. And for us to sit down quietly, and let Myra wreck her life—(*stamps foot.*)

Cornelia Sit down Effie! Behave yourself. You are acting absurd. You don't even know what Myra's going to do. It may be only a little flirtation. They're not even engaged yet, as far as I can make out. At least she hasn't told me. I tell you—Myra's deep.

Effie Deep, deep? Well I should say. I pumped her two solid hours, yesterday, and when I got through, I didn't know any more than when I began. (*girls burst out laughing.*)

Cornelia Well, she must be deep if you can't sound her.

Effie But I can see through a grindstone all right, or a mill-stone, which ever it is. And I see which way the wind is blowing, too. She doesn't write to Jack anymore, scarcely. And she's beginning to run down everything American, and praise everything German. And she even eats sauer-kraut now, and says it's good, and she couldn't bear it at first. And she runs to the window every time the soldiers go by, and says: aren't they grand, aren't they splendid?" And as for the Baron—he's sending her something every day—flowers—books—everything, even jewelry; and she's tickled to death over it. And she goes everywhere she thinks she'll see him, even out to maneuvers this cold, raw day, out in the Hartzwald, just because he's in it. I wouldn't go a step. It's heathenish—practicing how to kill people.

Cornelia Why, Effie! Everybody goes to maneuvers. I didn't go—because—

Effie Because you thought maybe those Heidelberg students would be coming down today.

Cornelia (*Indignantly*) It's no such thing.

Effie Well, I don't care. (*Walking up and down distractedly.*) Something ought to be done. Some-

thing must be done. (*Sits down at table, rests arms on table, covers face with hands. Springs suddenly to her feet with happy thought.*) Oh, I know what I'll do. I'll write to Jack myself. He can save her—no one else can. (*Sits down, takes up pen and begins to write.*)

Cornelia (*Rising and going over to Effie.*) Now, see here, Effie! You are going to do nothing of the kind. (*Tries to take pen from her. Struggle.*) This is her affair, not ours.

Effie I am, I tell you—I am. Let me alone. (*Struggle.*)

(*Noise outside—girls begin to primp, door C opens, enter three Heidelberg students, faces horribly scarred.*)

Cornelia Why Charlie! So glad to see you. And you, Tom and Dick! We thought you *might* be over—but—what's the matter, Charley? Your nose! It's a sight!

Charley That's all right! Had it cut off in a duel—clapped it on myself—and there it grew.

Cornelia Oh, Charley! It's a sight. You're ruined for life. And Tom—and all of you. What have you been doing?

Tom Fighting duels. It's great fun.

Flora (*sympathetically.*) But don't it hurt awfully?

Tom No. Feels good. (*Pats sores on face affectionately.*)

Dick (*Proudly*) See mine? Just fresh! Ugh! It's bleeding yet!

Harry And mine!

Effie Oh, my! That's awful! Where's the arnica—or camphor—or—or something? Ring for Susanna! (*Presses button in wall.*) Say girls! What's arnica in German? Quick! She's coming! Where's the dictionary? *runs to desk, looks round on table.*) Oh, my! Think of living in a land where you have to talk out of a dictionary.

(*Susanna enters door C.*)

Effie Quick, Susanna! Bring arnica. Understand? A-r-n-i-c-a. Ar-ni-ca! Arnica!

Cornelia No — no — Dioxogen — Antiphlogistine — anything. See? For wounds. (*points to face.*)

Susanne Ya, ya. Ich bringe etwas. (*exits C.*)

Effie Hear that? She's going to bring etwas. It won't be as good as arnica, I know.

Cornelia Such dangerous sport.

Charley Not half as bad as football. Fellows get killed in America. I know one fellow had his neck broken. Another his back. Another — (*enter Susanna C with bottle.*)

Effie (*Takes bottle and sniffs*) Here it is — etwas! maybe it will do.

Flora Here, give it to me. (*Takes bottle, pours liquid on handkerchief, goes over to Dick who folds arms, shuts eyes, leans head back while Flora administers liquid to face.*)

Dick (*Ecstatically*) Ah! How nice. Feels good. Do it some more.

Tom (*Reproachfully*) Aw, Miss Effie, aren't you you going to heal *my* gaping wounds?

Effie No, I'll let Flora do that. I think you'll live till morning, anyway. (*Throws herself down upon the sofa and turns her back to him.*)

Tom Aw, come now, Miss Effie. (*Sits down beside her and they continue sparring.*)

Cornelia (*Resuming seat.*) And what do you hear from America?

Charley (*Drawing up chair beside her.*) What about? The elections?

Cornelia Yes, I suppose that is most important, now. We're all so interested in Jack Strother. Do you think he will be elected?

Charley Don't know. Can't tell yet. Those political bosses are putting up a pretty stiff game. You

see, Jack was in the fight about those election frauds last Spring, sent some of them to the Pen; and now the whole rabble is against him.

Cornelia What a pity! He's such a fine fellow, and we are all so proud of him.

Effie (*defiantly*) If the women could vote, we'd elect him.

Tom Heigho! Suffragette! Since when?

Effie Since right now. I am just dying to vote. I will, too, some day! See if I don't.

Dick All right. But Jack don't have to wait for that. I tell you, he's going to be elected. Jack is popular all through the state and can poll the votes. And he is a corking fine fellow, too, and no mistake.

Harry. You betcha! I say boys, let's give three cheers for John Strothers.

Cornelia (*protesting.*) No! no! no! Can't you give us some of your Heidelberg songs?

Harry Sure! Let's give them "Heidelberg."

(*Boys sing college song.*)

Effie Oh, that's splendid. Go on! Go on! I do wish Myra was here.

Charley By the way, where is Miss Myra?

Effie Gone to the maneuvers, to see how these German soldiers learn to kill folks.

Charley (*Springing to his feet*) The maneuvers! By George! That's where we're bound for. Most forgot. We thought maybe you girls would like to go, so stopped in, American fashion. Come! Put your things on girls, and let's be off.

Cornelia Oh, I'd love to. But—

Charley Then, why not? What's to prevent?

Cornelia You know how it is here, Charley. Young girls do not go about with the men as they do in America.

Tom Oh! What's the diff? Come along. You're straight out Americans, aren't you?

Flora But Tante Marie! She would be horrified.

Effie Oh! I don't care. Let's go. It would be great fun!

Cornelia No! no! She would never get over it. We would be disgraced.

Dick Disgraced! What rubbish! Aren't we Americans? (*Pounds his chest proudly.*) We'll show these Germans what's what.

Cornelia Yes, but when we are in Rome, we must do as the Romans do.

Dick Poor rule! Poor rule! Cut it out!

Charley Come, now. Don't keep us waiting. Get your things on, and come along. Your Tante Marie will never know it.

Flora They might see us there.

Effie Wouldn't they be surprised? (*dances about gleefully*) Do let's go.

Cornelia I wish we could. (*hesitates*)

Effie Yes, yes. Do let's!

Charley That's right, plucky American girl! Shows your spirit.

Cornelia Well—if we go—we'd better be getting ready.

Effie All right, Come along.

(*Exeunt all but Charley and Cornelia.*)

Cornelia (*pausing at door*) Oh, Charley! That nose! It's awful!

Charley (*laughing*) Never mind that nose. It's all right. Come along!

(*Exeunt Charley and Cornelia.*)

(*Enter Susanna, door C, dust brush in hand.*)

Susanna (*jerking chairs around impatiently*) Ach! Doze crazy Americans!

(*Enter Fritz, door C, holding large package in hand*)

Fritz (*softly*) Susanna! Susanna! (*a pause, shouts*) Susanna!

Susanna (starts violently, nearly falls over chair)
Fritz! For why, you yell at me like dat?

Fritz (apologetically) You did not hear. I spoke softly.

Susanna You did not.

Fritz I did.

Susanna (standing with arms akimbo) Well! and what haff you got now?

Fritz A present—a gift from my Master, der Baron Von Barnhelm, to one of your crazy Americans.

Susanna They are not crazy. Don't you say such a thing. (stamps foot)

Fritz Why aren't all Americans crazy?

Susanna No indeed! My young ladies are not! Here, give it to me. (takes package from Fritz, examines it curiously, sets it on table, unwraps it, gazes at box admiringly) Ach Himmel! A box of jewels for my lady! It is true—it is true! My Lady—she will marry the Baron!

Fritz (groans) Ach, my poor Master!

Susanna (groans) Ach, my poor lady. She goes not to America now. And I—ach—I go alone. (weeps)

Fritz (horrified) What, Susanna, you go to America?

Susanna Ah, yes, why not?

Fritz But Susanna, what would I do? Ach, Susanna, go not. Go not. I pray you. 'Tis a fearful place,—this America. Indians—buffaloes—wild things. Ach, mein Gott!

Susanna Nein, nein. 'Tis a wonderful place—this America. All so rich. Gold, gold, everywhere! Pick it up off the street, off the trees, on the road—everywhere. Ach, wonderful—this America. (turns, walks away.)

Fritz (following after, hands clasped entreatingly) But, Susanna, what would I do? What would I do? Ach, Susanna.

Susanna (*whisks about, puts hands to mouth, loud whispers*) Go yourself, you dummy!

Fritz (*blinking eyes stupidly*) What? I—I—go to America? Me—me—? Why, what would I do in America?

Susanna (*gives him a shove*) Get rich, of course. 'Tis easy enough, in America. Come—I show you.

Fritz (*edging up toward her, sheepishly*) Ah, Susanna, you go—I go. I—go—you go. So?

Susanna (*coquetishly*) Ah so. You go—I go. I go—you go.

Fritz Ach, Susanna, we fly togedder.

Susanna (*ecstatically*) Ya, Ya, we fly—togedder! (*head drops on Fritz's shoulder.*)

Voice (*from without, calls*) Susanna! Susanna!

(*Both start violently, run frantically to door. Exit Susanna and Fritz, door C.*)

(*Curtain is dropped for one-half minute.*)

(*SCENE 11. Same as scene 1. Lights turned low. Myra in negligee, enters door L, walks to table, sits down, opens box containing jewels. Regards them a moment then buries face in hands. Flora in negligee enters L, comes forward hesitatingly.*)

Flora Myra?

Myra (*Looks around*) What is it, dear?

Flora Why don't you come to bed, Myra? It's late—after twelve. (*Comes nearer*) What is the matter? You are unhappy. I can see it. Tell me, won't you? (*Sits down on stool beside her.*)

Myra Oh, no! You are very much mistaken, my dear. I am very happy. Sit down here, beside me, Flora, and I will tell you a secret. That is, it is a secret for a few days only, then all will know.

Flora Oh, Myra! Is it the Baron?

Myra Yes. Is that not delightful? See the beautiful jewels he has sent me. (*Takes box from table, opens it, lifts up pearl necklace*) See! These are the

Barnhelm treasures. A pearl necklace, that was given to one of the Baron's great grandmothers by the Grand Duke of Baden. Here is a jewelled bracelet that once belonged to the Empress Josephine. And here are rings too, ever so many rubies, sapphires, all sorts of beautiful things. (*She spreads them out upon the table*)

Flora But Myra. Think what it all means. You give up your home,—your country—everything!

Myra (*impatiently*) Everything! Why what do you mean child? I am getting everything I want. I want to live in Germany. It is so picturesque and romantic. Life is much broader here, so much more expansive, more cultured, more—everything!

Flora (*anxiously*) But Myra! Remember what happens to American girls who marry for titles.

Myra (*angrily*) Yes, I remember all about them. But this is a different case altogether. Berthold, the Baron, is not an adventurer, or an impostor. We know all about him and his family,—the bluest blood in Germany. He can trace his ancestors back for a thousand years. One of his ancestors fought in the Crusades. Berthold, was named after him. I think it is a beautiful name, don't you? He has told me so many beautiful and interesting things about his ancestors. I feel already as if they belonged to me. He has pictures of them all, down in his castle in the Black Forest. Only think of living in a castle in the Black Forest. I will have you girls down to visit me, of course. Wouldn't you enjoy that?

Flora Y—y-e-s. Yes,—but—

Myra But, what?

Flora (*hesitatingly*) I hope you'll be happy.

Myra Happy? Of course I'll be happy. Why shouldn't I? How could I be otherwise?

Flora Y-e-s—Oh, yes—if—if—you love one another.

Myra (*impatiently*) Love one another! Well! I'm sure Berthold has shown his love for me, by

breaking away from that horrid, detestable old aunt of his, giving up her fortune and all.

Flora And you, Myra?

Myra Me? Oh! Well, yes—of course I—I—am very fond of the Baron. He is so splendid—so noble—so commanding; not so ordinary—so commonplace, as

Flora As Jack?

Myra How provoking you are, Flora. I had counted on your sympathy.

Flora Oh, yes, dear, dear Myra. You have my sympathy always—always. (*Putting her arm about Myra, leaning her head upon her arm.*) I do so want you to be happy. I do indeed. It all sounds very grand. The castle, and the jewels, and the ancestors, and all that. But there is something greater than all these. It is—it is—love.

Myra Love? Why, Flora! You dear child! What do you know of love? You have never been in love, have you?

Flora Oh, no, no. Not in love with any man. But I am in love with—love.

Myra In love with love! What an idea. I suppose you are in love with an ideal.

Flora No, just in love with LOVE.

Myra And what then, *is* love?

Flora (*Recites poem to soft music.*)

“Love is just a cobweb wet with morning dew;
Love is just a fairy spell—invisible to view—
A tread—a touch too heavy, and the cobweb is not
there,
A sigh too long and lo! the spell has vanished into
air!

“Love is just a morning-glory, doomed at noon to die,
Love is only half a story—told in passing by;
Love is gold so delicate the faintest flame would melt
it.

Love's Nothing; but—God help the one who's never known or felt it."

Flora (*Sits down again beside Myra.*) That, dear Myra, is what love is.

Myra. (*Sighs.*) Yes, dear, that is very sweet—very lovely, but not every one understands it like that. I hope dear, some day you will find some one who is worthy of your high ideal. (*Kisses her.*)

Flora No. I do not care if he never comes. I shall always be in love with love.

Myra. Yes, he will come, some day, I am sure. But as for me, I am not in love with love. I am in love with life. Full, rich, glowing life, resplendent with all the pleasures and delight, wealth, a high social position, and an illustrious name can give. I would move among the noble and great on earth, and lead a brilliant existence, courted and admired, and looked up to by all. These are the things that lure me on. This is the happiness I seek. And I shall find it. Yes, I know myself.

Flora Are you sure you know yourself? (*Holding her fast and looking up into her face.*)

Myra Of course, I do. How foolish you are,

Flora But won't you sometimes wake up, and think of the old home, the old life—and Jack?

Myra Hush, Flora! Hush. (*Angrily.*) Don't you see, I'm trying to forget all that? I want to forget. I want to be happy. Happy, I say! I am happy—happy—happy. (*Chokes, puts her hand to her throat. Both rise.*)

Flora. No, you are not, Myra.

Myra (*Stamps her foot.*) Yes, I am, I tell you. Perfectly happy. Go away! Go away, I tell you! (*Pushes Flora from her.*) I thought you'd understand. I thought you'd sympathize. But you don't. Go away! Go to bed. I'll come some time. I don't want to go yet. I would not sleep a wink.

Flora (*Coming close and putting her arms around*

her.) Forgive me, dear, for making you unhappy. I do want you to be happy. I do indeed. Good night. (*Kisses her.*)

Myra Good night, dear.

(*Exit Flora L.*)

Myra (*Stands in the middle of room for a moment with her hands pressed to her cheek.*) Why did she do it? Why did she? (*Throws back her head.*) I've got to go through it now. I've got to. I've written Jack that I'm never coming back. Perhaps he'll understand. I don't know. There's no turning back now. I've got to face it. And I mean to be happy. Anybody can be happy that wants to. All you have to do, is to *say* you're happy, and you are happy. And I say, I *am* happy. I am—I am—I am. (*Stamps foot.*) I am perfectly—perfectly—happy. (*Throws herself upon couch and sobs.*)

ACT III.

SCENE 1. (*Same as before.*)

(*Jack enters hurriedly. Stares around curiously—walks up and down restlessly. Sits down at table—taps with fingers, impatiently. Enter Charley door C. Both give a start of surprise, bolt forward joyously.*)

Jack Charley Travers! Bless my soul! Who'd ever thought of seeing you? How are you, old boy?

Charley Jack Strathers! Well, I declare! What brought you way over here? Thought you said nothing in Tarnation could get you across that water, and here you are.

Jack I didn't suppose I'd ever have anything important enough to bring me over, but here I am, old fellow! Never mind what did it. Tell me about yourself. What are you doing here in Karlsruhe? Thought you were in Heidelberg, learning how to cut folks to pieces, and kill them off generally.

Charley Oh, go long with your nonsense. I'm still at it, but a fellow has to have a little recreation now and then, so I run down here to Karlsruhe once in a while, to—to—see the Consul,

Jack Yes, Consul! I warrant you it's a girl down here. Say, pretty nice place, isn't it?

Charley Sure! Dandy! Nice bunch of girls here. Americans. Spending a year at the Consul's—but, say, what are you here for?

Jack To see the Consul, of course. He isn't here now. The maid says he'll be back soon. I've got—a little business.

Charley Business! You haven't been getting into any trouble have you? Look here! What's all this about anyway? Last I heard you were running for the Legislature. This is a funny time for you to be leaving. You had better be sticking to your job, or you'll get left.

(Both sit down)

Jack Yes, but I had something more important on hand.

Charley More important than getting elected! Ha! Ha! That can mean only one thing—getting married. See here, old boy! Out with it. It's one of these girls, sure as I live. Which one? You can't have Cor—Miss Read. By George! She's bespoke, and the tall one—the Schone Amerikanerin, they call her—she's going to marry one of the high monkey-monks, here.

Jack *(Starts from his seat.)* What is that? Going to be married? It's a lie! I don't believe it! *(Brings his fist down upon the table.)*

Charley Shut up, Jack! Not so loud. Somebody might overhear you.

Jack Hear nothing! But what's all this! You are talking about Miss Wentworth?

Charley Oh, I don't know a thing about it. Didn't know you were acquainted with her. She's been go-

ing with some of these officers, and of course rumors like that are bound to get started. But, if you are interested in that quarter, you had better be getting busy. But tell me, how long have you been here? When did you come?

Jack About two hours ago. Stopped down town somewhere and got a lunch, such as it was. Had a most ridiculous experience there, too. I say, aren't these officers over here, the limit?

Charley What's the matter with you and the officers? Out with it, old boy!

Jack Well, you see, it happened like this. I was walking out of the restaurant when I got through, minding my own business and not paying any attention to anybody, when I accidentally stumbled over the sword of an officer who was sitting at the table next to mine. The fellow sprang up as if I'd struck him, and began talking Dutch to me. So, I pulled out my speech book, thinking I'd answer him in his own lingo, sort of apologize, you know. But what I said, they didn't like at all. The whole bunch of them jumped up and began talking! You should have heard them!

Charley But what did you say to them in German?

Jack Oh, I don't know. Here it is on this line. (*Pulls out small yellow back book and points to line.*) It says, Schwegen sie! Schwegen sie! That's, excuse me, isn't it?

Charley No, you dummy! It means, shut up.

Jack (*Stares at page a moment—looks sheepish.*) Well I declare! That explains it. I couldn't imagine what it was all about. One of them handed me his card, though, so I guess he isn't so upset after all. Here it is—Baron Von Barnhelm.

Charley Handed you his card! Oh, you dummy! (*Falls back in chair laughing.*) Don't you know, old boy, you've been challenged to a duel? And to the Baron Von Barnhelm! That's great!

Jack Duel, duel! Duel nothing. I don't know anything about fighting duels.

Charley Of course you don't. But you're in for one now.

Jack Ridiculous! I'll do nothing of the kind.

Charley But you'll have to. It's a matter of honor.

Jack Honor, nothing. It's a silly, absurd thing to do, and I'm not going to make a fool of myself.

Charley Now, look here, Jack! It's got to be done. You leave this thing to me, and I'll see you through, so you'll not get hurt.

Jack Get hurt! I'm not afraid of getting hurt. But I'm not going to be made a fool of.

Charley Now you listen to me. I understand this business, —

Jack I should think you did, from the looks of your face. That nose, Charley!

Charley (*grins*) Great! Isn't it? Proud of that. (*pats it proudly*) I'm a champion, I am! I can put you on to it. Now listen. We will give them an American duel.

Jack Never heard of it.

Charley Nor I. But we can invent one on the spot. Let me see. (*meditates*) Pistols. No—I have it—pills.

Jack Pills!

Charley Yes pills, one supposed to be poison, the other not. See! They are ready to believe any old thing we tell them over here, about America. Now then, which shall it be, pistols or pills?

Jack Neither one, I tell you.

Charley But you *must*. You don't understand how it is over here. I do, leave it all to me. I am your second now, and will go and arrange matters. (*rises, starts for door. Jack follows, stops him.*)

Jack Charley, you shan't—

Charley That's all right old boy. You stay here, and make my excuses to the ladies. Back soon, so

long! Ta-ta! (*rushes out of room.*) (*Jack paces nervously up and down room. Enter Effie, Cornelia, Flora, door C.*)

Effie (*rushes forward, seizes Jack's hand*) Jack Strothers! You *did* come, *didn't* you, I knew you would! Did you get my letter?

Jack Sure I did! Didn't understand,—but thought I had better come on and find out. So here I am.

Cornelia (*shaking hands cordially.*) Awfully glad to see you.

Flora So am I. This is quite a surprise.

Jack Yes, yes—So it is. Miss Myra—she is not here?

Cornelia Yes, she's coming. (*steps to door, calls*) Myra, come here. Somebody to see you.

(*Myra enters languidly, starts, when she sees Jack. Offers hand coldly.*)

Myra (*stiffly*) Well, Jack, this is a surprise! How did you happen to come? I—thought you didn't like Europe.

Jack But I didn't come to see Europe.

Myra Oh, on business, I suppose.

Jack (*regarding Myra anxiously*) Yes—yes—on business.

(*Myra sits down, at further end of room, plays absently with her gloves. Embarrassing pause.*)

Cornelia (*kindly*) Did you come by way of Hamburg?

Jack No, Antwerp. Quickest way I could get here.

Myra (*with a shrug*) The American way! Always in a rush. (*another embarrassing pause.*)

Cornelia When did you arrive?

Jack About noon. Got me a lunch somewhere down town, and came along out here, where I found our friend, Charley Travers.

Cornelia Charley! Why, where is he?

Jack Well, to tell the truth, he has gone to attend to a little matter of business for me.

Cornelia Business for you? Why, what on earth?

Jack (*hesitating*) Most absurd thing, I confess. Might as well out with it, though, first as last. I have been challenged to a duel. Now what do you know about that? Me, a duel!

Throws his head back and laughs.

Myra A duel. (*Clasping her hands and looking horrified.*)

Jack Yes, actually, a duel. Fellow handed me his card. Let me see! I believe I've got it yet. (*Pulls it out of pocket. Effie snatches it from him and reads it.*)

Effie It's the Baron von Barnhelm!

Myra (*Springs to her feet.*) The Baron von Barnhelm?

Jack Well, what of that? You know him?

Effie Why, yes! He's the one who Myra is going to—to—

Cornelia Hush, Effie! Hush.

Jack What's that?

Myra (*Rushing forward, hands clasped.*) Jack, you must not fight the Baron. You must not! He is one of the greatest duelists in this country. He would kill you.

Jack That's all right. I'm not afraid of getting killed. But I want to know what all this means. Who is this Baron?

Effie He's the one—

Myra For heaven's sake, keep still Effie! Don't tell him. Don't— (*Begins to sob.*)

Jack Tell me what? I want to know who it is is going to kill me so fast.

Myra Oh Jack! Don't fight! Don't fight! (*Catches hold of his arm.*) You don't know how to fight, and he—he—

Jack (*Bristling up.*) You think I don't know how to fight, do you? Well, I don't when there's nothing to fight about. But, when there is— (*Looks fierce and doubles up fist.*)

Myra Oh, Jack! I entreat! I implore you! He will kill you, I know he will. And I couldn't bear it. I couldn't! It would break my heart. Dear Jack! Dear Jack! (*Puts hands on his shoulders.*) Come away. Let's go back to America. Anywhere! Anywhere with you!

Jack (*Aside*) Why this is great. Yes, Myra! (*Puts his arm around her.*) Just as soon as I've fought this duel. It's my honor at stake, you know. And if I fall—

Myra You *fall*? Oh, Jack! It would *kill* me. How could I *live* without you? Oh, never, never, *never*!

Jack Look here, Myra! I thought—I heard—

Myra (*Shamefacedly*) Yes, I know, I suppose you heard. And the letter I wrote you. It was awful! I don't know how I could have done it, I confess it all. I've been a fool, a crazy idiot, a simpleton, but I've got my eyes open at last. And, oh Jack, forgive me! Say you forgive me!

Jack Forgive you? Well, I should say. It's worth coming all the way across the ocean to hear you say that. It may cost my election—but I don't care, so I've got you. Say, got a parson over here? I mean to take you back with me. Will you go? Do you think you could be happy, Myra, in the little cottage on High street?

Myra Could I? Just try me. I'm tired of all this high life business. I want just the simple life, together. I want to learn to cook, and sew, and mend and darn. And say Jack, (*holding hands and gazing into each other's eyes affectionately*) I can make lovely fudge.

Jack You can? Well! Guess we can live on fudge—for a while, any way.

Myra But, I can make Angel's food, too.

Jack Good! We can have fudge for breakfast—Angel's food for dinner—but, what would we have for supper?

Myra Oh, Jack! You dear, good natured Jack! You think I'm going to starve you? Wait and see.

Jack All right. We'll start for home, as soon as this crazy duel affair is over.

Myra But you're not going to fight, *now*?

Jack Sure! I'm bound to. My—my honor, you know. (*Looks at his watch.*) Am due there now. If I fall—

Myra You shan't Jack! You shan't go, I say! (*Holds him fast by coat tail.*)

Jack There, let go, Myra! I'm bound to see it through. I'll be back—

Myra Oh, Jack! Come back! (*Jack disappears. Myra wrings hands. Girls crowd around her to offer sympathy.*) He's gone! He's gone! He don't know how to shoot. He couldn't hit a barn. And as for swords—he never held one in his hand, I am sure. He couldn't cut a cat's tail off. Oh! What shall I do?

Effie I tell you. We'll all go down to your Uncle Henry's office and find out where they fight duels, and then we'll go right there. Rush in between them—like they do on the stage, and stop it.

All The very thing! We'll go. We'll go this minute.

(*All rush out of the room in great excitement.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE II. Forest (*Officers talking with Baron at left side of stage. Charley at right side conferring with little man, with big goggles, bushy hair and huge coat. Table filled with bottles, etc. Jack sits apart on camp stool. Baron approaches Charley in lofty manner.*)

Baron Do you mean to say that such duels as this are customary in America?

Charlie Certainly. It is the only kind we allow. A great improvement upon the old kind, I assure you. Fists are primeval; swords medieval; pistols, already passee; but pills are the latest and most approved methods. It is also the most scientific—the most sanitary. No ghastly wounds—no messy flow of blood—all swiftly and neatly done, the body ready for interment.

Officer Sonderbar! Unschicklich! Unaussprechlich!

Baron Truly, most astonishing. (*Bends over table, adjusts monocle, gazes at two large pills on salver.*) They are identical.

Charlie Yes, to all outward appearance. One is harmless. The other is composed of the most deadly poison known to man. It is a secret preparation known only in America, save to Dr. Gughenheimer of Cologne. He is the celebrated chemist known all over the world, as you probably know. He comes, at my request, to see that all is properly administered. You see it is extremely dangerous, being highly explosive, must be kept insulated, but it does the work quickly and deadly. Attacks the articular veins, producing a crustified exegesis of the percranial epidermis, stopping the action of the heart, and paralyzing the brain, respiration ceases, and there you are.

Baron Abscheulich! Ungeheur! Schrecklich!

Charley Time presses, gentlemen. (*Looks at his watch.*) Step forward, gentlemen. (*Doctor lifts salver, holds it between Jack and the Baron. Girls rush in.*)

Myra Jack! You haven't begun? Oh, I'm so thankful we've come in time. (*Goes up to Jack.*) I'm not going to let you fight, Jack, not while I'm here. (*Stands before him protectingly and glares at the Baron.*)

Effie No! We don't fight duels in America. We don't allow it.

Baron (*Haughtily.*) Ah! Not even with pills?

Cornelia Pills? I should say not. Who ever heard

of such a thing? Charlie Travers, what nonsense have you been up to?

Baron So? A clever hoax. I see! Quite Americanish. What one might expect of an American.

Myra (*Coming forward with great dignity and politeness.*) Allow me to present to you, my fiancée, Mr. Jack Strothers. He has only just arrived in Germany and does not understand your customs. If he has in any way insulted you, it was unintentional I am sure, and he is willing to apologize. Is it not so? (*Turns to Jack.*)

Jack. Sure! I thought I had done so. That's what it said in the speech book, you know, only I got the wrong line. I beg your pardon now in English. Would have done so in the first place if I thought you'd understand. (*Offers to shake hands but Baron draws back.*)

Baron But this affair—what you call it?

Jack Bluff! Just a bluff, that's all. Yes, I apologize for that too, and now I invite you to our wedding.

Baron (*Looking at Myra.*) Your wedding? *Fraulein Wentworth!* Is it possible?

Myra Yes, Baron. I hope you will forgive me, also. I thought I did not love him any more. that I could forget, but I found that I could not. You would not wish me to, I am sure—

Effie And her money's all gone. Bank broke the other day, and her uncle died and left all his money to an Orphan Asylum—

Baron Ah! You say her father failed—her uncle—

Effie Yes, and Myra's as poor as a church mouse now. But when Jack gets elected they'll get along.

(*Enter Madam W. and the Consul. R.*)

Madam (*Greatly agitated, panting and blowing profusely.*) Ach, do I find you at last? Your uncle, he ha'f told me, you are here—without chaperone! And for what? Du lieber Gott! It is fearful! The

duel! Haff it been fought, already? No, no, I see, we are in time. Ach! Es frent mich, dear Baron—and the Herr Senator. (*Turns toward Jack.*)

All The Herr Senator?

Madam Yes, the Herr Senator. The Herr Consul he haff told me all. He haff received a telegram—

Myra Oh, Uncle Henry! Is it true? Is he elected?

Consul Yes, my dear, I received an hour ago, a telegram, for Mr. Strothers in my care, stating that he had been elected by an overwhelming majority. Mr. Strothers, I most heartily congratulate you.

All So do I. So do I. (*All gather around Jack and shake his hand.*)

Jack Thanks! Thanks! That means I must be getting back to America in double quick time. Myra! How soon do you think you can be ready?

Madam (*Throwing up her hands in amazement.*) Ready, Myra ready! Why! What mean you? She does not go! She remains here! She is to marry the Baron Von Barnhelm.

Baron (*Bowing low to the Madam*) Impossible, my dear Madam! The circumstances being thus changed—

Madam Circumstances? I do not understand.

Effie Oh, it's about the bank failing and the Orphan Asylum—

Cornelia (*Drawing Effie back.*) Effie! how can you?

Madam Ah, my dear Baron, believe me—

Baron Permit me to say my dear Madam, that it will be impossible for me to marry your niece. The honor of my house, forbids.

Effie And Myra's house, too. It's a two story brick on High street, with a cupalo and a sleeping porch, and all the modern improvements; just ready to go in. Jack has been fixing it up for her all summer. My! I'm just crazy to see it!

Jack Then, I invite you all to a house party as soon as we get back to America.

Madam Ach du lieber Gott! (*Turns away weeping. Myra goes to her, puts her arm about her to comfort her. Officers start to retire, but Jack calls them back.*)

Jack Don't go Baron! I want to invite you and your friends to our wedding. I say, Consul Wentworth, how soon can it come off.

Consul Tonight, if you like. Our friend Bishop Foster is in town, and can perform the ceremony, with my sanction.

Effie Oh! Goodie—goodie—goodie! (*dancing up and down with delight.*) Hasn't everything turned out lovely? Such a romance! Baron and duels, and narrow escapes, just like on the stage! Now for the wedding, and then—we'll all go back, to O—hee—o.

CURTAIN.

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THE HAT OF OTHER DAYS. Everyone knows how ridiculous the changing styles make out-of-date hats appear. The song is based on this fact, and the appearance of these "hats of other days" will cause loads of merriment.

"I CAN'T DO A THING WITH MY HAIR SINCE IT'S WASHED." Did you ever hear the above expression? They all say it. This song is for a merry group of girls who have trouble in keeping their hair in bounds. A jolly song.

REDUCED TO \$1.99. The figures in a dry goods show window are indignant at having to participate in so many "reduction sales," and, revolting, walk off the stage after telling their troubles in song. The eccentric motions of these figures make a very laughable number.

THE WINNING WAYS OF GRANDMA'S DAYS. Sung in costume, this portrays the many welcome and pleasing costumes of "ye olden times." Directions for minuet included. Very enjoyable.

Any one of the above sent postpaid on receipt of 25 cents.

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